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My address is.....

Old MR. TOAD GETS his STOMACH FULL



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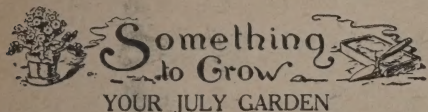


Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—

Next to the Letter Bag, what do you like best in our Something To Do Department? Since the Department made its first bow in February, a great many of you have written me how much you enjoyed it, and that made me very glad, of course. But I can't help wondering just what part of it you like best. So, next time you write to me, won't you tell me which it is, and if there is anything else you would like in the Department, please tell me about that, too. I want to put in all the things you enjoy, but our space is so limited that I can't put in all the good things every month. If I know what you like best, I can be sure to get those things in, you see.

Your loving Editor.



IN July there are still flowers and vegetables you can plant in your garden: hollyhocks, larkspur, sweet William, foxglove, Canterbury bells, and pansies for next year's blooming; beans, beets, carrots, corn, cucumbers for pickles, and turnips.

Hollyhock seed, sowed in July, will grow into plants that will bloom the following July.

Beets, carrots and turnips are all sowed about alike. The best soil for them is light and sandy. Dig it well, rake it smooth, and make a little furrow two inches deep where you want to plant your seed. Drop the seed into the furrow, cover, press down and water well. Make your rows about two feet apart.

When the little plants come up, pull up those that crowd and seem weakest, until the sturdy ones you leave are about five inches apart.

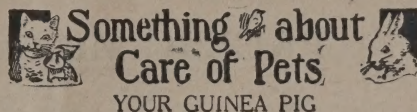
If you have sown beets, don't think you must throw away the little plants you pull up—take them into the kitchen for Mother to cook as greens. If you have planted carrots, and if you happen to own a pony, give him the little carrot plants you pull up. He will think them as nice as you think candy.

Gardening isn't always smooth; sometimes bugs will get onto plants and you must get them off if you want to save your garden.

There are two kinds of bugs to watch for—the kind that can be shot at with a syringe full of destructive stuff which will not kill the plants and the kind that have such hard armor that nothing will kill them except destructive stuff on the plants for them to eat.

These are the kinds of bugs to shoot, and what to shoot with: plant lice, tobacco water; red spiders, clean water; mealy bugs, soap and water; green hollyhock bugs, and red ants on sweet peas, tobacco water.

These bugs must have something to eat before they will kill themselves: green lettuce worm and cabbage worm, pyrethrum; rose-slugs, hellebore.



THAT your guinea pig is a cousin to your neighbor's rabbit, I suppose you know. And probably you know, too, that they like very much the same things. But there are a few differences between them that perhaps you have not heard about. While, like Bunny, he is fond of greens, and likes to eat all the time, and enjoys water and salt, in the matter of shelter, guinea requires more protection on the outside of his cage than he does on the inside. Guinea does not burrow, but rats like to eat him, and so his house must be tight and snug on the outside. A zinc lining or a fine mesh wire will be a protection, and if you suspect rats of being in the neighborhood, set some traps for them. Guinea does not eat up their babies, but they do raise large families, and so, unless you have plenty of room, you would do better to keep only one guinea pig.

Cover the floor of Guinea's cage with mixed sawdust and earth, and clean it out weekly. Mrs. Guinea should have a nest like Mrs. Bunny's and hay makes good bedding for it.

For food, Guinea likes dry bread sopped in milk, but he should be fed mostly upon grain, two-thirds hay and one third bran, mixed. He likes barley meal mixed with bran and warm water, and he enjoys vegetables. Small potatoes, onions, cabbage leaves and ground acorns are all good for him. Feed him often and in small amounts.

He will not mind cold weather if his hutch and shelter are warm. He loves to eat snow, but he will not drink very cold water.

There should be two shelves or stories in his house, because he likes to eat on the ground floor and run upstairs to sleep. His food will keep cleaner if you leave it on the lower floor. Dishes that have edges which turn are best, because, like Bunny, Guinea likes to get into his food and spill it, too. Fresh, clean food and fresh water will help to keep your pet well; keep him warm and dry, and he will thrive.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 387)

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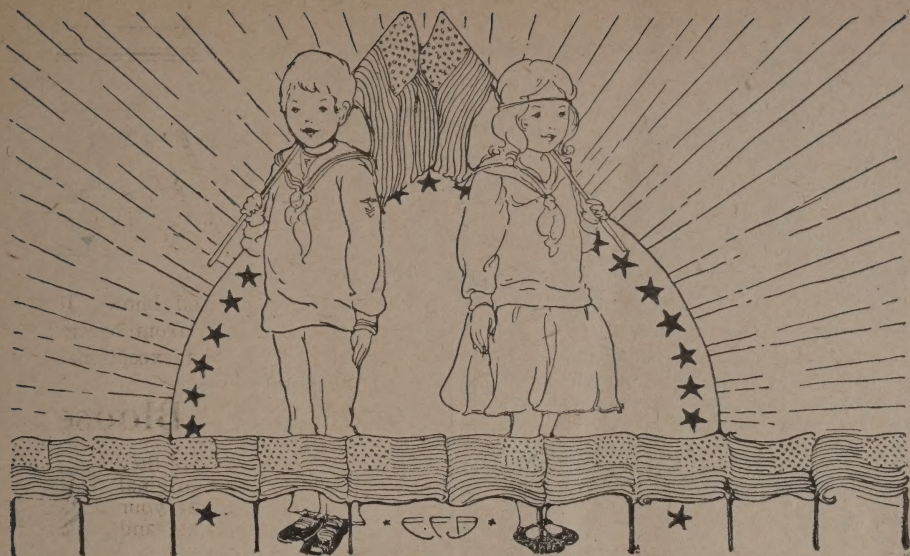


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LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

JULY—FLAG MONTH

PEGGY turned over in bed and tried to keep her eyes shut but, oh my, the sun was coming up and the birds were singing a summer song and Robin Grey was puttering around in the bath-room and splish-splashing in the nice cool tub, and she just couldn't go back to sleep.

She poked her feet out of bed and ran to the window to get her six deep breaths of fresh air that she took every morning.

"Why, Maysie darling!" she cried as she looked around and saw Maysie leaning out the open window and listening, "You beat me up this morning!"

"Hsh-hsh," whispered Maysie-dear, lifting a warning finger and leaning a little further out to listen to something. "Daddy-dear Grey has already been to the Post Office, 'cause I heard him say 'Letters for you, Motherdear, and a long box for me!'"

"Let's hurry and dress and see what is in the long box," Peggy said excitedly. "Maybe it's something his Soldier Boys sent him."

"Listen!" said Robin, coming in all dressed. And everybody kept perfectly still.

In the next room they could hear Father Grey talking softly, just to himself or Motherdear and he was saying:

"Your Flag and my Flag
And, oh, how much it holds,
Your Land and my Land
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red, blue and white!"

Robin, Peg and Maysie tip-toed softly into the room and stood still with wide-open eyes.

There was Father Grey, standing by the

table and looking down at a card in a long box, while he said those beautiful words in a soft, sweet voice that just made you feel "thrilly" all over.

Motherdear was standing across the room from him, with one hand she was giving him the Captain's salute, and with the other hand she was holding up the softest, brightest, most beautiful silk flag that the Home Guard Three had ever seen.

"Salute our Captain," said Motherdear softly, "and then just see what his dear Soldier Boys have sent him for a present."

The Home Guard Three stood up like good soldiers and gave their Father-dear a Captain's Salute; and then how their eyes shone, as they gathered around to look at the beautiful flag.

"Tomorrow is the Fourth of July," said Father-dear, "and we'll fly our new Flag to keep our country's birthday."

After breakfast, Father Grey looked out on the front porch and smiled happily.

Peggy had put on her dust cap and her apron, and was simply going for the dirt and dust on the porch and the steps.

Robin was mowing the lawn and whistling "Dixie," as gay as you please; and Maysie-dear was down on her chubby knees, pulling up weeds out of the flower-beds.

"Cleaning up for a party?" Father-dear asked happily, for he had been away from home and he didn't know just what sort of plans they might have.

"Cleaning up for our country's birthday!" laughed Peggy.

"You see, Sir," said Robin, standing at attention beside his lawn-mower, "we want to be fit and fine for our new Flag!"

"I see," said Father Grey, gently. That's

(Something To Do Department continued on page 392)



Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag



Dorchester, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. I have two brothers, one eleven and one fifteen years old. I have broken my arm twice, and I was in the hospital at Easter for an operation. My father has one hundred Shetland ponies. At one time he had three hundred and fifty. I have a pony named Major. He is black and white. One day I was carrying home some empty milk pails and Major wanted to go as fast as he could. I had the buckets in one hand and the reins in the other. I tried to stop him, but could not do it. I fell off, but it did not hurt me because he does not stand very high. We have some little colts now. Once we had a little colt that did not weigh over fifteen pounds.

Wilbur Thompson.

Grand Island, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for two years and enjoy you very much. I am in the seventh grade and am twelve years old. I have two younger brothers, Wallace and Donald, but no sisters. We have one of the largest horse-markets in the U.S. France and England came here and bought horses for the war. We also have the first sugar-beet factory that was built in the U. S. I am a Camp Fire girl. My group is called the Winona group. I have won almost forty honors. I will get forty beads. I have my wood-gatherer's ring and am working for the firemaker's bracelet. I have quite a few honors for it now. My father is the minister of the Baptist church. There is a Grand Island College here, from which my father and mother both graduated, and I hope to graduate from it also.

Lucile Jackson.

Whiteagle, Okla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters, one twenty years old, and the other seven. I am in the sixth grade at school. I am going to tell you about the Indians that live down here. They are the Ponca Indians. They all wear shawls, and pretty blankets when it is cold. When their babies are little they put them on boards and carry them on their backs. They carry them on their backs when they are not in boards, too. I have a pet cat, and he catches lots of mice. We give him lots of milk. My papa has two milking cows and a horse. Once I went to an Indian funeral with Papa and Mama. I wish some little girl would write to me. I will answer.

Naomi Scholpbach.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 392)

Carbondale, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. I am nine years old, and am in the fourth grade. I liked *Little Allies* very much. There are about 8,000 people in our town. We love birds very much, and Daddy is making bird houses. He made a martin house, a blue bird house, a wren house and a feeding place so that the birds will live with us. I would like to hear from any little girl or boy who cares to write to me. My address is 710 S. Poplar Street.

Elizabeth Harris.

New Orleans, La.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been writing on my mother's typewriter for about a year and can use all my fingers. I am a descendant of Dr. John Witherspoon, Signer of the Declaration of Independence and President of Princeton College. I am in the sixth generation. I was born Nov. 11, 1911, and was seven on the day the armistice was signed. Wasn't that lovely, especially as I am of Revolutionary stock. I would like to get the names of all the little descendants whose birthdays fall on the 11th of November. I think we should organize a little society. My address is 1136 Second St.

Maud Livingston Relf.

San Juan, Texas.

Dear "Little Folks":—The last letter I wrote you brought more than forty answers, and though I started to answer them all personally, I'll have to ask the Letter Bag to help me. I forgot to mention in my other letter that I hadn't always lived in Texas. I was born and lived in Iowa until something over a year ago. We saw our opportunity and moved to the "Magic Valley." Though it is quite hot here, we have a lovely sea breeze, besides real cool nights. Our first crop of broom corn brought more than \$100 an acre. We get two crops without replanting. We raise castor beans on request of the government. It uses their oil for lubricating aeroplanes. All citrous fruits are raised here besides figs, dates, bananas and peaches. There are lots of pretty birds and wild flowers the year round. We have irrigated about three times. The Mexicans, who are thick down here, ask quite small wages for hard work. I've learned some of their language, and it is taught in our high school. I ride five miles in a big gray car to our fine school. My birthday is Sept. 11th. My two bantams are named Tom and Minnie Thumb. All my chickens will eat out of my hands. I wish to thank all the little girls for their letters which I enjoyed so much.

Catherine Colburn.

CONTENTS

JULY

1920

Something To Do Department.....	385
Something to Grow.....	385
Something About the Care of Pets.....	387
Something to Join.....	426
New Games to Play.....	426
Something Others Have Written.....	426
How to Color Dolly Deary.....	428
Something to Look For Out-doors.....	428
Playroom Cooks.....	430
Things Made From Paper.....	430
Something Other Readers Have Made.....	430
Something to Write To Other Readers.....	394
Frontispiece: Dolly Deary.....	395
The Fat Baker's Pies.....Rebecca Helman.....	400
Illustrated by Edith F. Butler	
A Riddle Rhyme.....	401
Lessons.....Mattie Lee Hausgen.....	402
Illustrated by Decie Merwin	
Furry With Wings.....Edith F. Foster.....	404
The Yellow-Capped Monkey, Chapter I.....Sophie Swett.....	408
Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill	
Somebody and the Princess.....Margaret Johnson.....	410
Illustrated by Edith F. Butler	
How The Little Prince Got His Garden.....Mildred Lowie.....	415
Illustrated by E. J. Roddy	
The Fairies Are So Little.....Annette Wynne.....	416
Wood Folk of Lone Lake.....Allen Chaffee.....	420
Illustrated by Peter Da Ru	
The Merry Americans.....Gertrude C. Warner.....	
Illustrated by Violet M. Higgins	

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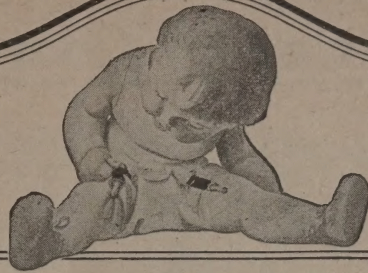
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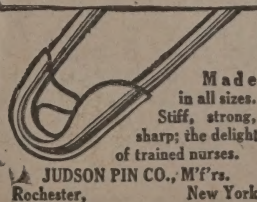
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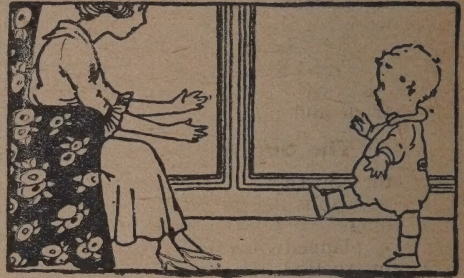
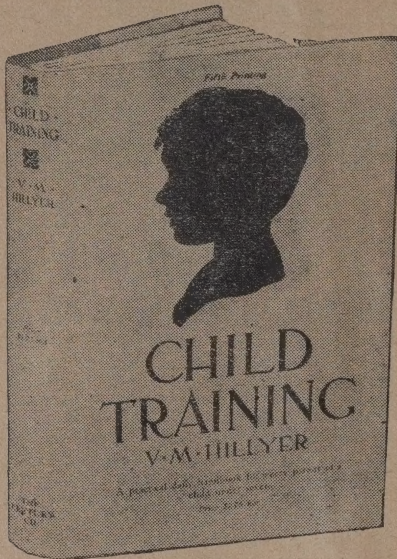


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says the Magazine "Education." "Teachers of grades below the third should make this their educational 'BIBLE.' It is a pre-eminently practical book."

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says the "Baltimore News." "Promises to be a really epochmaking book in the history of education."

It is the result of many years of single-minded specialization and single-hearted devotion to the training of young children, and has been inspired by the inadequacy of present systems and by the demands of modern progress in psychology and pedagogy.

"Strikes a New Key"

says the "Telegram," Portland. "Strikes a new key in books dealing with the education of the child. It is modern, alive, with a straight-from-the-shoulderness that puts it in a class by itself."

It aims to produce children who will be more observant and attentive with more originality, more initiative, and sharper wits, who will think and act more quickly, be better informed and more accomplished, more ambitious, and industrious, more courteous and considerate of others, and, above all, healthier animals.

The "Primary Teacher" of Boston says: "It is a practical handbook for daily use in bringing up children, either at home or in school, a statement of educational psychology in words intelligible to the layman, and it is an exposition of a system which has the originality and attractiveness and none of the mysticism of the Montessori system."

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As the "Successful Man" is one who "does things," so also is the Successful Child one who "does things." "Kindergarten at Home" is therefore, planned to provide, instead of haphazard instruction, a series of simple lessons that will give a child of four or five years of age about an hour a day, more or less, of systematic work and the directions are so explicit that any one without the slightest training or knowledge of kindergarten principals can conduct the work at home.

The "Chicago Tribune" says:

"Mr. Hillyer's broad experience in kindergarten methods makes him a person competent to select the most essential phases of the first systematic instruction of the child."

The "Christian World" says:

"The book comes from the thoughtful pen of Mr. V. M. Hillyer, who for many years has been the headmaster of the Calvert School, Baltimore, an institution which has devoted itself exclusively to solving the problems of the education of children, both at home and in school. While intensely practical, in all its pages, it is ripe outcome of the study of child psychology, and we believe that its systematic use day by day in a home where there were one or more children would result in a development of habits which at present many bewildered mothers are seeking in vain to inculcate."

The "New York Times" says:

"An important book, planned for the mothers of little children is 'Kindergarten at Home.' Heretofore, such a mother has been obliged to make out with what she could learn from a half dozen books, largely of a technical character, but here in one volume, the kindergarten system is clearly and practically explained for her special benefit."

The "Mother's Magazine" says:

"The 'Kindergarten at Home' is a magnificent book for its purpose, fully illustrated, well-written, and should be in the hands of all parents who for any reason cannot send their children to a kindergarten."

Do Not Let Another Day Go By Without Ordering One or Both of These Courses for Your Child

"Kindergarten at Home" and "Child Training" are independent of each other but may well be used together in which case one will be found to supplement the other.

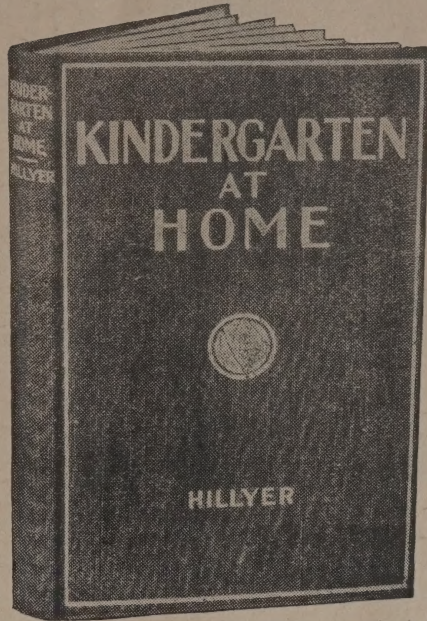
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LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 387)

the first present we can give our country—Homes fit for its flag!"

Then Father Grey trained up the rose vine, nailed some pickets on the fence and found a lot of other things to do to help Motherdear make the Home clean and pretty.

Then, while they worked, a lot of the Home Guard came by and saw what they were doing, and then hurried home to do the same.

"Why, it spreads like the measles," laughed Motherdear Grey. "Won't our street be fine for America's Birthday."

Then Father Grey opened his pocket and drew out a package of tiny silk flags all as bright and shiny as the rainbow. "These are for the Home Guard boys and girls on our street," he said, "to wear tomorrow. I believe you've earned the right to wear the on our country's hundred and forty-fourth birthday.

"That seems old to you," he added, "but it isn't old for a country. America is a young country—a brave new country, where everyone may be happy if he will be good, and I'm proud of the sort of birthday present you Home Guard boys and girls are giving to your country. It isn't wars and battles and victories that make a country great, as we want America to be great. We sometimes have to have wars because other people forget what we are trying to do. But the thing, the great thing, that is going to make America a great country, is just the *love* in the hearts of the people. Just the same kind of love that made you want your Home to be worthy of your Flag."

Then the happy Home Guard Three stood up before the bright new Flag and repeated, "I want My Home to be worthy of My Flag, and I'll do my best to make it so!"

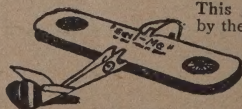
"Thanks," said Father Grey. "Now you are pledged to help make America great!"

"Now let the rest of the Home Guard copy this and sign it," said Peggy writing the words down.

If you want to do this, copy the pledge, sign it and send it to Peggy Grey, in care of Little Folks' Magazine. And if you want to join the Home Guard, you may have a pin for 5c.

Auntie Frances.

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LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII

JULY, 1920

No. 9



ONCE upon a time, in the town of Belsaye, there lived a kind Baker who was very fat. So fat was he that when he laughed he shook like a custard. Everybody in the town called him "The Fat Baker," and he didn't mind it a bit.

The Fat Baker believed in Fairies, and so did the children. No one else in the town did. They laughed at him. Almost every night he placed a number of tiny cakes and pies and tarts on the table in his shop for the Fairies. Every morning the table was empty. The people of the town laughed again. Some said the mice ate the pies and cakes and tarts, but the Fat Baker was sure it was the Fairies.

The Fat Baker was very fond of children. The children of Belsaye often came to the shop to hear him tell stories and to see him laugh. And when he laughed, you know, he shook

like a custard. He made the children little cakes and pies from left-over bits of dough.

Among the children who came to the Fat Baker's shop was the daughter of a rich merchant of Belsaye. She was a pretty child and as good as she was pretty. People called her Pretty-one.



IT LOOKED SO GOOD THAT PRETTY-ONE
CLAPPED HER HANDS

One day in the summer-time she came running into the Fat Baker's shop where he was making tarts.

"Oh! Fat Baker," she cried, her eyes as bright as stars, "my father is going on a journey, to-morrow. Will you make me one of your nice peach pies for him to eat on the way?"

"Indeed I will, Pretty-one," replied the Fat Baker, smiling at her.

Pretty-one laughed. "Oh, thank you!" she said. "I will wait for it."

Pretty-one sat down and watched the Baker mix the dough, roll it out, cut the peaches and place them in the pie. After he had fitted on the top he slid the pie into the hot oven to bake.

When at length it was brown and crusty, the Baker took it out. It looked so good that Pretty-one clapped her hands to see it. Then she carried it carefully home.

The next day the Merchant took two bags of gold from his storehouse and made ready for his journey. When Pretty-one gave him the peach pie, he was pleased. Then he kissed Pretty-one and her mother, mounted his horse, and rode away.

After a time he came to the edge of the Dark Forest, which lay some distance back of the town. As he entered it, he heard a roar so great that the earth trembled. Suddenly an Ogre appeared before him.

"Who are you?" roared the Ogre, staring at the Merchant

with his great eyes, and looking very fierce indeed.

"I am only a Merchant from Belsaye travelling to buy silks and satins and jewels for my wife and daughter and the other women of the town," answered the Merchant timidly.

"R-r-r-r-r!" the Ogre cried, like a roaring lion. "I have a notion to eat you."

The Merchant became frightened, and his horse snorted and stamped the ground.

"Oh, Ogre," he cried, "don't eat me! What would my wife and Pretty-one do?"

The Ogre growled. "What will you give me, if I don't eat you?"

"These two bags of gold," the Merchant answered, holding them up.

"I will take the gold. What else have you? Anything to eat?"

"Only a pie, which my daughter asked the Fat Baker to make for me."

The Ogre took the pie and gobbled it down in one bite.

"Um-m-m-m-m," he cried, licking his lips, "that was good."



SUDDENLY AN OGRE APPEARED BEFORE THE MERCHANT

You go right back and tell that Fat Baker to make me a pie as good as that, but *five times as big!* Bring it here and call three times. If you don't do that, I will come to Belsaye and eat you and your wife and your daughter."

Of course, the Merchant agreed to do that. Then the Ogre stamped away into the Dark Forest and the ground shook as he walked. Turning suddenly, the Merchant went back to the town.

When he arrived there, he told the people what had happened. The Fat Baker set to work at once to make a peach pie, five times larger than the one he had made for Pretty-one.

The next day the Merchant took the pie to the edge of the Dark Forest and called three times. Soon the Ogre came forth, and, taking the pie, ate it in three bites.

"That was good," he cried in his awful voice. "Go home again and to-morrow bring me a pie as high as you are and as long as I am. If it is not here to-morrow at this time, I will come to Belsaye and eat you and your wife and your daughter and the Fat Baker and anyone else I may see. Go!"

The Merchant went sorrowfully back. "How," he thought "can a pie be made as high as I am and as long as the Ogre?"

As soon as he arrived at Belsaye he sought out the Fat Baker and repeated to him what the Ogre had said. "How," he asked the Fat Baker, "can anyone make a pie as large as that?"



"LOOK HERE!" CRIED THE BAKER

The Baker wrinkled his brow and thought for a long time.

"Go," he said to the Merchant, "and have an oven built, large enough to hold a pie like that, and place wood under it."

"But how can you make a pie like that?"

"I don't know now. But perhaps I will be able to make it. Maybe the Fairies will help me. At least, get the oven ready."

The Merchant went and called the Masons, who started at once to build the oven. By night it was finished and the people of the town lay down in their beds to sleep.



THE PEOPLE CROWDED TO SEE

The next morning the Fat Baker rose early and walked to the place where the large oven had been built. As he walked, he tried to think of a way to make such a pie.

When he came near to the oven, he noticed a large fire burning brightly under it. He hurried forward and opened the door to see how hot the oven was. As the door swung open, a delightful fragrance of peach pie came out to him. *And there in the oven was a nicely browned peach pie,*

fat and juicy! The Fat Baker shouted with joy. Soon his shouts brought the people of Belsaye to him. Among the first to arrive was the Merchant who had not slept well that night. As he looked at the wonderful pie, he discovered a bit of paper hanging from the door of the oven.

"Look here!" he cried. "Look here!"

And the people of Belsaye came running and crowding to see.

This is what was on the paper:

To the Fat Baker from the Fairies
who like his good tarts.
This pie will save you.

The people felt somewhat cheered. Some began to believe in the Fairies. Others, however, still doubted.

They murmured among themselves and peered into the oven at the pie. Such a pie had never before been seen in Belsaye.

"There may be Fairies after all," some said.

"Who else could make a pie like that?" others asked. "Of course there are Fairies. This proves it."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!"

So they murmured, again and again.

Then the men very carefully loaded the pie on two wagons, tied one behind the other, and started for the Dark Forest. The women and children waited.

When the men reached the edge of the Dark Forest, they called three times. In a short time the Ogre appeared and gobbled at the pie. When he took his second bite he began to choke. He coughed and he coughed and he coughed. Indeed, he coughed so much that he fell over dead.

The men hurried back to tell the good news.

All the people rejoiced with great joy and the Fat Baker made a hundred tarts, just for the Fairies.

A RIDDLE RHYME

I'M always rather thin, and often slim;
I have a back, but neither head, nor limb;
And, oddly, I have teeth, yet do not bite;
I serve both boy and girl, both man and beast,
The good and bad, the greatest and the least—
I smooth the rough and set the crooked right.

Answer: Comb.



THE HARDEST SUM I DO NOT FEAR

LESSONS

BY M. L. HAUSGEN

Illustration by Decie Merwin

ON Saturdays
 My Grandma plays
 The nicest games, and then she teaches me
 Hard words to spell
 And meaning tell;
 The way she does it always reaches me.
 The hardest sum I do not fear,
 For everything begins with "Dear."

(491)

FURRY WITH WINGS

BY EDITH FRANCES FOSTER

IT was a troublesome question! No wonder it proved too much for Pusscat's little mind to settle.

Pusscat's mind was only about as big as your little doubled-up fist! It was covered over with pretty, silky, black fur, and there were two big, pointed ears pricking up on top.

This was the question: Why is it good and clever to catch little furry things with four legs, and naughty to catch little feathery things with two legs?

If there were four feet, Pusscat was patted and praised and called a nice kitty and a good mouser. Sometimes they gave her milk to drink, for a dessert, after she had eaten up the four-legged thing.

But if there were only two legs, it was all very different. She wasn't allowed to eat it at all. They took it away from her and hid it; and if she showed it to a certain person she had her ears boxed, too. Sometimes the smallest person cried, and all the persons scolded and called her a bad, cruel cat to catch the poor little bird!

Now, what was it that made such a difference between the things with two legs and the things with four?

One kind—the furry kind—had little round ears, to be sure; and, to be sure, the other kind—the feathery kind—had big wings; the furry one had a nice, long, wriggly tail, while the feathery one's tail was flat and stiff, and not good to eat. But both the things tasted very nice, and both were hard to catch.

Pusscat thought upon these questions a great deal, especially whenever the persons boxed her ears; but she never succeeded in understanding it. Still, as the family always made such a disagreeable fuss about it, she learned to be very particular in her proceedings.

Whenever she caught one of the four-footed, furry kind she brought it up on the veranda and was very proud of it, curling her long tail and purring and step-stepping with her fore-paws.

But if it had but two feet and was feathery, she carried it under the hedge, out of sight, and ate it up as quickly as she could.

Somehow the family found out about this practice of Pusscat. And one day when Pusscat came in at the gate with a thing in her mouth, they all came out on the veranda to watch her and see what she would do this time.

Pusscat started up the path; but she trotted slower and slower, and soon stopped short. Then she turned and looked toward the hedge, and after a moment she started to go that way, then stopped again.

Then she laid the thing down on the ground, and stood still and looked at it. She was thinking. She was wondering whether she better risk losing the pleasure of showing her prize, or risk having the prize taken away from her. It was the worst puzzle Pusscat ever had had.

She started first one way, then the other way, several times. At last she came on toward the veranda, but very slowly and all ready to run like a flash should she find she had made a mistake.

When she laid the thing down on the top step the family saw just what the trouble was, and how they all laughed at poor Pusscat!

No wonder poor Pusscat was in a puzzle! It was a furry thing—so it must be right to catch it. But it had wings, also—so probably it was naughty to catch it. When she tried to settle the matter by counting its legs, she found it hadn't any legs at all!

It was a bat!

And a bat has soft fur, like a mouse; but it also has wings.

The family laughed at poor, bewildered Pusscat, but they patted and praised her, too.

And then the smallest person took her up and carried her around to the kitchen and gave her a big saucer of milk, because she said a bat couldn't be good to eat.

But Pusscat ate both the milk and the bat!

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER I.—BILLY BOY AND BEE GO SHOPPING

BILLY BOY BROWN was captain of a company that called itself the "Pekoe Guards."

There were larger boys than Billy Boy in the Company, larger and older. Bob Brown belonged to it, and Bob was almost thirteen. But every boy had voted to have Billy Boy for captain. And when the Company had raised money enough to buy a drum, which had been needed for a long time, it was voted that Billy Boy should buy the drum.

There were almost as many different opinions as there were boys about what kind of drum it ought to be, so it was thought best to let Billy Boy decide. Billy Boy's uncle was a soldier, and Billy Boy had learned from him many things about managing a military company like the Pekoe Guards.

There was a large manufactory of toys in Gobang, a city that was just across the river from Pekoe, and Billy Boy was to go there to buy the drum. He felt that it was a good deal of business for a boy to do. He lay awake thinking of it for a long time the night before he went, and when he did fall asleep he dreamed that he had bought a very large football instead of a drum, and that, while he was marching with his Company, his own head suddenly turned into a football!

Billy Boy was far too brave a boy to be frightened by a dream, but still he did wish in the morning that his brother Bob could go with him to buy the drum. But it had been agreed that no other boy belonging to the Guards should go.

He thought, at first, that he wouldn't tell anyone about that queer dream, but after a while he did tell his sister, Beatrice.

Bee was only nine, almost two years younger than he, but she was a good deal of a girl. Even Bob said so, and Bob was very particular and didn't think so very much of girls anyway.

Bob said that Bee never would tell a thing when she said she wouldn't, and wasn't afraid of a mouse; that was why he thought she was a good deal of a girl.



BILLY BOY WAS HELPING BEE FEED HER GUINEA CHICKS

Billy Boy was helping Bee feed her guinea chicks, before breakfast, that morning. Bee would overfeed her guinea chicks if Billy Boy didn't keep watch, and she gave Bevis, their old dog, pound cake, although it didn't agree with him. Still, perhaps Bob was right about Bee. Tell me what you think when you have read this story.

Billy Boy told Bee his dream. He said it was no wonder that a fellow did dream when he had so much on his mind. It was a pretty important thing to buy a drum—a drum that was to cost five dollars—for the Pekoe Guards!

Bee listened while two of her downiest little speckled chicks fed out of the spoon she held, and one might have supposed that she was thinking of nothing in the world but guinea chickens; but she said, after a minute:

"I think you'd better let me go with you to buy the drum."

Now, of course, a girl cannot be expected to have any opinion about drums that is worth anything, but if a person were bashful about going into a store, why, then, Bee was very nice to have with him. She didn't mind asking to see everything in the store, and all the shop-people were always very polite indeed to her.

Billy Boy hesitated; you don't want to seem as if you needed a girl to keep you from being afraid.

"I am going to smash my pink-and-green codfish bank to buy a big doll for the fair, and Caddy Pence is going to show me how to dress it," Bee went on. "Now that Papa has got permission for you to buy your drum in a wholesale place, I suppose I may buy my doll there, too, and it will be so much cheaper that I shall dress her in pink satin instead of pink silk. Mama said I might buy the doll, and I'm sure she will let me go to-day with you. We will start the very minute that breakfast is over."

"Well, I'll take you if you want to go," said Billy Boy; and he looked very much pleased as he followed Bee into the house.

Bee talked about the drum and the doll all breakfast time. That was just like a girl, Billy Boy thought. She might even have told about the dream if Billy Boy hadn't given her a

great pinch under the table. You sometimes had to do that with Bee.

Bob and Sydney, Billy Boy's brothers, gave him a great deal of advice about buying a drum; and Dorothy and Philena, Bee's sisters, began to tell her just what kind of doll she ought to buy. But Papa Brown stopped them all. He said it would be a good thing, a very good thing indeed, for Billy Boy and Bee to learn to spend money and take responsibility all by themselves.

"Responsibility" is a long word, but then it means a great deal. So it is worth the while to learn it.

Billy Boy thought they would better go in the donkey-cart, but Bee told him she was afraid it would not look grown-up enough for people who were going to do such important shopping.

Besides, Carrots, the donkey, didn't like the Gobang electric cars. He stopped short and kicked with his hind legs when he saw one.

So they walked across the long covered bridge—half a mile long—and then took an electric car to the great wholesale toy-shop.

When they presented the note their father had given them, a clerk was sent to show them about.

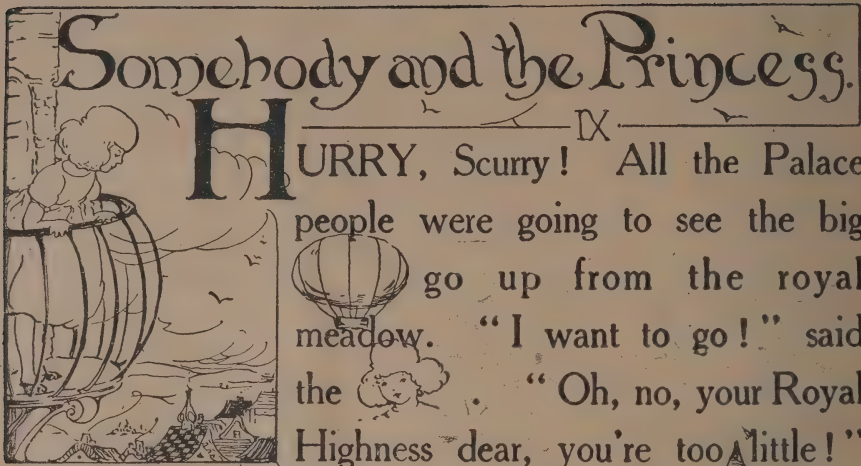
Before they had been shown a drum or a doll, Bee caught sight of two Italian men, each with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey.

Now, if there was anything that Bee Brown delighted in, it was a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey. And one of these monkeys was the most fascinating little fellow that she had ever seen. When he saw her he took off his cap to her and made a funny little bow.

Bee stood looking back at him after Billy Boy had drawn her along towards the drums.

"I never saw anything in my life that I wanted so much as the monkey with the yellow cap and ear-rings!" she said to Billy Boy.



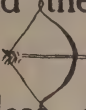










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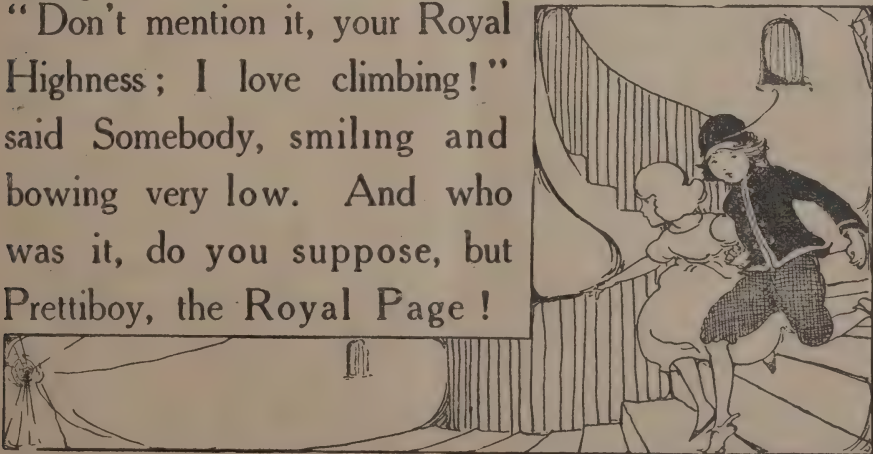


Somebody and the Princess.

HURRY, Scurry! All the Palace people were going to see the big go up from the royal meadow. "I want to go!" said the . "Oh, no, your Royal Highness dear, you're too little!"

said the first . But up on the roof was a round turret with a winding , and on top of the turret a little balcony, and from the one could see over all the and up into the sky. So when the Palace people were gone, the Princess said to Ann Bridget: "I am going up into the to see the ." "Do, your Royal Highness dear," said Ann Bridget. And the ran and climbed the winding , and slammed the turret after her and went out on the . She saw the flying and the far away on the sea and, by and by, she saw the big rising up into the sky, and she clapped her and ran in to tell Ann Bridget. But dear, dear, the had locked itself and she could not get out! When the Palace people came back, they saw her standing

on the little  and they brought a ladder, but the  was too short, and then they brought a rope and shot it up with a  and the Princess tied it to the , but dear, dear, nobody could climb the  ! The tall guards were too heavy and the Maids of Honor were afraid. "I shall never get down!" wailed the  . But hurry, scurry! Somebody was coming round the Palace wall, Somebody with curly hair and nimble  and a little  with bright  . And he ran and climbed up the rope as light as a  and jumped over the railing and opened the turret , and he and the Princess took hold of hands and ran down the winding  and out into the shine. "Oh, you dear Somebody!" cried the  . "Thank you so much for saving me!" "Don't mention it, your Royal Highness; I love climbing!" said Somebody, smiling and bowing very low. And who was it, do you suppose, but Prettiboy, the Royal Page!





THE little prince wanted a garden of his very own, oh, so much! But the King, his father, was too busy with state affairs to think about such a small thing as a garden, and the Queen, his mother, said, "Oh, no, he's only five years old and far too little to have a garden;" and the royal nurse said, "No, indeed, he would get his nice play suit all soiled if he had a garden to play in."

And besides all this, there was not a spot in all the royal grounds where a little prince could have a garden. There were just acres and acres of beautiful lawns, with tall trees and sweet smelling shrubs, and rose-bush borders—but no gardens. It was very discouraging, indeed.

One day the little prince sat all alone under the apple tree beside his sand pile. He was tired of digging in the sand with his little shovel and hoe, and of trundling about his little red wheelbarrow. He could think of nothing but the garden he wanted so much. Presently he heard a little bird singing above his head.

"Cheerup! Cheerup!" it sang.

The little prince looked up, and there, on the lowest bough of the apple tree sat the most beautiful little bird in all the world. Its wings and tail were as blue as the sky, and its breast was as yellow as gold, and it had a bright red top-knot on its head.

"Oh, pretty bird, I am so unhappy," said the little prince, "I wish you could help me."

"Cheerup!" sang the little bird. "Why are you unhappy?"

"I want a garden all my own," said the little prince, "but my royal papa is too busy all day long to show me how to plant one, and my royal mama thinks I am too little to have one, and my nurse says I will get my play suit too dirty; and worst of all, there isn't any room in all the royal park for my garden."

"Tut, tut," sang the little bird. "What is that big box for, pray? What is that big box for?"

"That is my play box," said the little prince. "I fill it full of sand and then shovel it all out again."

"Oh, ho!" sang the little bird. "That would make a very nice garden. Follow me, follow me!" and he flew slowly away.

The little prince took his wheelbarrow and shovel and followed the little bird. On and on, they went until they came to the very edge of the royal park. And there was a great fence made of iron bars, so the little prince could go no farther. But the little bird



THE LITTLE PRINCE PEEPED THROUGH THE BARS

rested on the very top of the iron fence and cocked his head.

"Look through! Look through!" he sang.

So the little prince peeped between the bars, and then he laughed and clapped his hands for joy, for there, on the other side of the fence was the prettiest garden in all the world, and a little boy and girl just his own age were tending it. There were rows and rows of baby plants nodding in the sunshine, and the little girl and the little boy were carefully pulling out all the weeds so that the baby plants could grow to be vege-

tables and flowers some day. There was a long, straight row of baby corn, and a long, straight row of baby peas, and a cucumber vine, and a squash vine, and oh, ever so many other plants, and all around the edge of the garden was a row of pansies.



HE DROPPED THE PEA IN A GLASS OF WATER

"Ask them for some rich earth," sang the little bird.

So the little prince called to the two children: "Good morning. What a beautiful garden you have."

The two children smiled, and came running to the fence.

"Yes," they said. "We planted it all ourselves, and we love it."

"I want a garden, too," said the little prince. "Will you please give me some rich earth?"

"Of course we will," said the two children, and they shovelled a pile of rich earth through the fence.

The little prince put as much of the earth into his wheelbarrow as it would carry, and thanking the two children for their kindness, he and the little bird started back for the apple tree. When they reached it the little bird said,

"Fill up your play box with the rich earth while I go find some seed," and he flew swiftly away.

So the little prince began to fill up the play box, and by the time it was full the little bird was back again.

"Tweet," he said, and dropped a tiny seed in the little prince's hand, and away he flew again, as fast as he could.

"Plant me, and give me some water," said the little seed.

So the little prince made a tiny hole in the rich earth in his box, and placed the tiny seed in it, and gently covered it with earth. Then he went to the fountain with his shiny tin pail and brought the seed a drink of water. By this time the little bird was back again with another seed.

"Plant me, and give me a drink of water," said the tiny seed, and the little prince did so. Next the pretty bird brought him a little dry, wrinkled pea, and last of all a pansy plant.

"Listen, little prince," said the pea in a queer, dry little voice, "At bed-time, to-night, you must put me in a glass of water and leave me there all night. In the morning I shall be as round and plump as can be, and you must come out very early and plant me."

"Ah," sighed the pansy plant, "I am so warm and thirsty. Please put me in the cool earth, and give me a drink of water."

So the little prince planted the pansy, and gave her a drink of cool water.

It was now past sunset, and he could hear his nurse calling him to his supper. So he thanked the pretty bird for help-



HE GAVE THE PANSY A DRINK

ing him, said good-night to the tiny, sleeping seeds and the drowsy pansy plant, put the little pea in the pocket of his play suit, and ran as fast as he could to his royal nursery. When it was bed time, he put the pea in a glass of water just as it had told him to do. Next morning

as he opened his eyes, he heard a gay little voice saying: "Good morning, good morning. Wake up, little prince. It is time to go out and plant me." And there was the little pea, smiling at him, as fat and jolly as could be in the glass of water.



THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS HAPPY

Just as soon as he had eaten his breakfast, the little prince carried the pea out to his play box and planted it, and of course he did not forget to give it a drink of water.

Day after day, the little prince carefully tended his play box garden, and you may be sure he was very careful not to soil his clean play suit. Every day he brought a drink of water to the thirsty little seeds and the pansy plant, and watched to see them grow. And every day the

beautiful bird with the azure wings and the yellow breast and red topknot came and sat on the lowest branch of the apple tree and sang to the prince.

One morning three little green heads were peeping above the earth in the spots where the little seeds had been planted.

"Good morning, good morning!" they called when the little prince came out.

"I am Lettuce," said the first little head.

"I am Carrot," said the second little head.

"And I am your friend, Green Pea," said the third little head.

And sure enough, they grew and grew until Lettuce had a

head of beautiful green curly leaves, and Carrot a plump, golden body with a tall, feathery, green cap, and Green Pea had so many little fat, green pods all filled with little fat green peas, while pretty Pansy smiled at little prince every morning, turning up her beautiful purple blossom face. How happy the little prince was with all his friends.

One day, the King and the Queen and the royal nurse came out to the apple tree to find the little prince, and when they saw his play-box garden they all said in great astonishment,

"Well! Well! Well!"

"What a fine little garden," said the King. "Since you have done so well with this little one, next year you shall have a garden as big as you please."

"Yes," said the Queen, "and you shall have a real set of garden tools, and ever so many seeds to plant, and a book to tell you how to do it."

"And it will not matter a bit if you soil your play suit," said the royal nurse.

And the little bird sang as loudly as he could, and pretty Pansy smiled, and Green Pea rustled his leaves, and Carrot waved his tall plumes, and Lettuce looked greener and curlier than ever, and the little prince was, oh, so happy!



THE fairies are so little
I cannot see at all,
How they can finish tasks so great
With hands so very small.



AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY CLIMBED THE BANK

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkly Eyes," etc.

Illustrations by Peter Da Ru

CHAPTER IV.—THE STRANGE BEASTIES

TALK about luck!" said Twinkly Eyes, the little black bear, as he set his sharp white teeth into the fish that the eagle had let drop.

But at that moment he caught sight of his brother, Woof, peering at him through the bushes. His first thought was to sit down on the fish, so that Woof wouldn't see it—and on this thought he acted promptly. But it didn't work. Had Woof been farther away, it might have. But Woof had a nose that could smell fish very much farther than ever you or I could.

"Stingy!" he squealed hungrily.

"What do you mean, 'stingy'?" asked Twinkly, with a stare of wide-eyed innocence.

For answer, Woof stood up on his fat hind legs and gave

his brother a smart cuff over the ear. Of course, that started a boxing match. It wasn't till they rolled into the lake, clinched fast in each other's arms, that their wrath was cooled.

They emerged, shaking themselves like puppies, and ready to share the trout—only to find that Bobby, the Wildcat kitten, had made off with it while they were quarrelling. After that there was nothing to do but to hunt around in the sand to see if Snapper the turtle had hidden any eggs away.

Several days passed, during which the warm yellow sun turned the naked willows into a mist of feathery green, and set the snowy hill-sides to trickling musically. Twinkly Eyes spent most of his time searching for tender grass roots and new young green stuff.

One moon-light night, he hid in the willow shrubs again to watch the wood folk come down to the lake for a drink. First there was Fleet Foot the doe, who waded delicately into the shallows till a sudden move on the part of the bear cub sent her leaping back into the shadows, with a startled "Hew" and her white flag raised.

Next came Frisky, the red fox pup, and Unk Wunk, the prickly porcupine—waddling along like a black and white pin cushion on legs—and Mother Black Bear, lean and cross after her winter's nap, shuffling gingerly on the new and tender skin of her broad black feet, and nervously anxious to get back to the two velvety baby cubs who were whimpering for her, back in her rocky den.

Then the little black bear saw something that made him blink his eyes to make sure he saw straight. Directly across from this arm of the lake was a high, steep bank that ended in deep water. This bank, Twinkly Eyes had noticed, was smooth and muddy every morning, even when the rest of the ground was dry. He had often wondered why.

Now two strange creatures appeared at the top of the bank and went coasting ker-splash into the pool beneath. No sooner had they paddled their way to the bank and climbed back to the top than slide, splash, down they went again, head foremost, dragging their long, flat tails behind them. Again and

again, they climbed the bank, only to slide back into the lake.

That was why the bank was always smooth and muddy in the morning, Twinkly told himself.

His heart warmed to the two strange beasties, who coasted just as he and Woof did. But what queer folk they were, these otters. When they raised their whiskered faces from the water to take a look about, they might have been huge snakes, with their little round heads at the end of their long necks, their tiny ears laid flat.

From the ease with which they swam, Twinkly surmised that they had webbed feet like the ducks; and they used their tails to steer with. He wondered that they climbed the bank so swiftly, seeing how short their legs were. Their long brown bodies gleamed like silk in the moonlight.

After awhile, the sleek fellows began thinking of breakfast, for to those who sleep by day, our evening is their morning. The moon-lit lake was cut into gleaming, V-shaped ripples by the muskrats whose mud houses here lined the bank, and at first the otters contented themselves with chasing these fellows. But that was just for the fun of the swimming match. For eating, they much preferred the delicate flavor of trout; and soon they made their way down to the stretch of rough water, where Beaver Brook rushed into the lake.

Here gold and silver fish ranged restlessly as they hunted for caddis worms, their red fins glinting in the foamy water. Of course, the instant they saw the otters, they made for the quiet pools under the overhanging branches. This was always a safe place when the Ospreys were after them, because the great birds got their wings caught in the branches. But the otters only dove smoothly after them, crunching first one, then another through the back-bone and letting it float to the surface till they were ready for it. The more wary trout, finding the pool a dangerous place, tried to slip through the little opening between two rocks into the white water. But the otters headed them off, and they fared no better than the others had done.

Now just at sunset, Twinkly Eyes had noticed a V-shaped

flock of geese that had come, "Honk, honk, k'honk," out of the sky to the south, and had slanted down to a tiny islet away out in mid-stream.

Here, after making a supper gabblingly of such growing plants as they could find in the water, they had tucked their heads under their wings and gone to sleep.

Twinkly wondered how they could feel so safe, with Old Man Red Fox and Bobby Wild-cat in the woods hard by. Then he saw Red Fox come to the lake shore and peer longingly at the flock. But he valued his plummy tail too much to risk getting it wet. So he only yapped his disappointment and trotted away again. Bob had been the same, unwilling to get his fur wet.

But now, no sooner did the otters spy the gray-brown birds, with

white collars and black heads and tails, than they began swimming under water, so the sentinel goose could not see them.

Suddenly the dog otter, with a snap of his jaws, had a fat goose by the throat. In a moment, all was such wild confusion that Twinkly Eyes swam over just to see the fun. The otters promptly disappeared as the geese raised angry wings and hissed their intention of showing fight.

But poor Twinkly Eyes landed just in time to make the



NEXT CAME FRISKY, THE FOX PUP

sleepy flock believe that it had been he who had killed the goose.

With one accord they began beating him over the head with their wings.

(To be continued)

THE MERRY AMERICANS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP

ARE you ready for your Seventh Law, children?" asked Mrs. Avery, as she came out under the apple-tree with her sewing.

"I think so," said Violet, reciting rapidly: "I will take an interest in my work."

"I will not be satisfied with slip-shod work," added Betsey.

"A wheel, or a nail, carelessly made, may cause the death of hundreds," finished Patrick.

"This lesson is a story," began Mrs. Avery. "You can think of it, girls, every time you feel like rushing along with your hem-stitching, thinking nobody will see the uneven places."

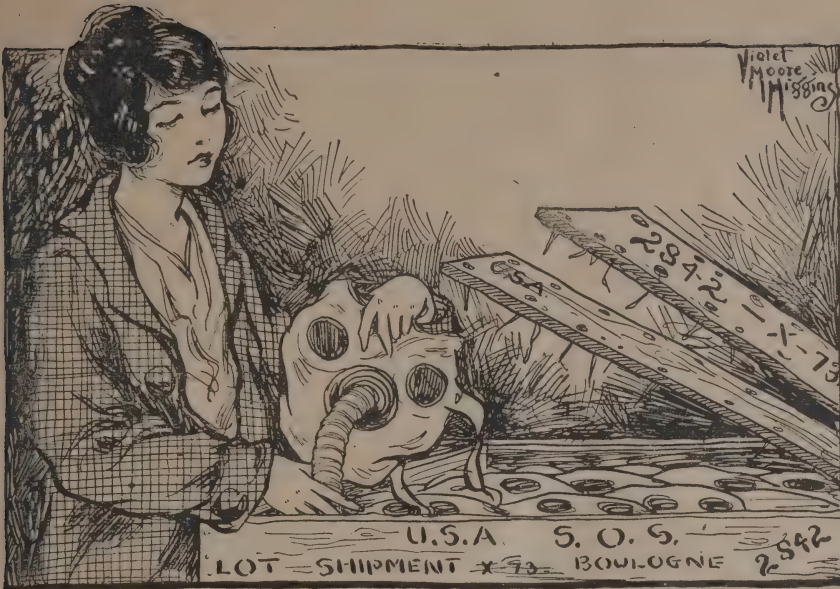
Nobody said anything, but Betsey suddenly slowed down in her wild race to finish her bureau-scarf before Violet.

"One time," said Mother, "there was a girl named Katy O' Brien, who worked in a gas-mask factory. She was an inspector. Every gas-mask had to pass through Katy's hands. If she said it was perfect, it was shipped to France for the American soldiers.

"One day she was very tired, as tired as you children are when it is time to get up in the morning."

Every one laughed, for they knew just how tired that was.

"She had finished everything but the last box for the day.



EACH MASK HAD BEEN FILLED WITH A DEADLY POISON

One of her friends, Elsa, noticed how tired she was, and said, 'Go home, deary, and I'll inspect the last lot of masks.'

"Katy accepted, and went home. But, somehow, she couldn't rest. She kept thinking, 'Good work, well done—How do I know it's well done, if I didn't do it meself?'"

"So she got up at midnight and dressed, and went back to the factory. She went down to the packing room where the masks were boxed for France. 'The last box of masks I'd like opened, Mike, me friend,' said Katy.

"'Opened!' said Mike, with his mouth open at the idea.

"'Opened,' said Katy. 'I niver inspected them at all, at all.'

"Mike was tired himself, but he was Katy's friend, so he cheerfully ripped off the cover he had just nailed on.

"Katy began to inspect the masks, and found that each mask had been filled with a deadly poison! Elsa was a German spy.

"So over in France, there were five hundred soldiers who put on perfect gas-masks, and had their lives saved, just because Katy O'Brien did her work as it should be done."

"I think," said Patrick, suddenly, "that I'll be hoeing my potatoes, Mrs. Avery!"

"And I'll be clippin' the lawn around the edges where I ought to have clipped this morning," added Peter with a flourish.

Betsey and Violet watched the boys go home with a smile, for they knew just how badly the potatoes and grass needed attention.

Presently a tall man went by the little brown house. He stopped and watched the clippers flying in and out among the



SHE TACKED THE LOOSE OIL-CLOTH SECURELY

lilacs. Then he watched the hoe flashing in the hot sun. Then he called, "Halloo, boys!"

"That is Mr. Ellsworth, the Principal of our school," said Betsey to Mother. They listened. They couldn't help hearing, anyway, as Patrick and Peter came bounding across the grass.

"Do you know, boys, I've been looking for a boy who would cut the edges of my grass, and wash my car. And I guess I've found two instead of one. I think a boy who will clip his *own* lawn for nothing, will clip mine. I was prepared to pay one

boy eight dollars a week, and if you'd like to work together, I'll pay you each four dollars."

"Four dollars!" gasped Violet. "They can get their bicycles this summer after all, Betsey."

After Mother had gone in, Violet said, "Betsey, you know I think boys have a better chance than girls. Now, the little things we do are too small to mean much. You see, Patrick and Peter have just had that work offered to them, because their work is more *public*."

"It isn't fair," said Betsey.

Now if you'll believe it, this is the very next thing that happened to Betsey.

As she went into the house to get another spool of thread, her heel caught in the oil-cloth of the hall threshold. Betsey plunged headlong, but she caught herself in time to save herself from the sharp coat-hooks and table-edge. Betsey did not stop for her thread. She marched straight to the tool-box, selected several tacks and a hammer, and tacked the loose oil-cloth securely. Then she got her thread.

That evening, Betsey said, "Father, Violet and I are going to try to be Good Workmen, but we just don't think that we can do the kind of work that means much, either way."

And here, Norah, who almost never came into the library, appeared at the door.

"Mr. Avery," said Norah, "I couldn't help hearing what the darlin' was after sayin'. And I'd like to tell you something. This afternoon I kicked up the oil-cloth on the threshold with my heel, and being busy with other things, didn't fix it. To-night I remembered it, and was after fixing it, when I saw it was done. Now, I have an idea, that some of us older ones, fallin' over that oil-cloth, would have cracked a knee or a hip, maybe. And it would have made a bigger noise than the little one I heard this afternoon when Betsey herself nearly stood on her head."

Father thanked Norah and said, "Betsey, it is perfectly true that Mother, or I, might have been killed, if you hadn't driven in your little tacks, and driven them *at once*."

And Betsey, who had a lame side for a week, saw that Father was right.

"We won't grumble," she said to Violet finally. "Our work may show up when we least expect it."

(To be continued)



LEFT OUT

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES

WHEN I sit among the flowers
And the fragrant meadow grass,
I can see them talk together
As the gentle breezes pass.

Each nods and shakes its pretty head
O'er secrets that it hears,
And makes me wish, so very much,
That I had flowers' ears.

LITTLE FOLKS' FASHION SERVICE



NO. 9682. LADIES' DRESS. Of cool-looking checked voile and white organdie is this dainty frock. Sizes 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting.

NO. 9669. BOYS' SUIT. Belted and pocketed in a new way is this romper suit which includes a separate waist. Size 2, 3 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch white material.

NO. 9184. CHILD'S ROMPERS. For playtime, this style of romper is excellent. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch material.

NO. 8905. GIRLS' SET. This little set consists of a simple Gertrude petticoat which buttons on the shoulders and a pair of drawers. Sizes $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material, 2 yards 4-inch flouncing and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards insertion.

NO. 9102. GIRLS' DRESS. The novel collar treatment is the interesting feature of this frock. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

NO. 8677. BOYS' SUIT. This manly little style boasts a side-closing, straight trousers and large patch pockets. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 16-inch contrasting.

NO. 9204. GIRLS' ONE-PIECE DRESS. The frock of linen illustrated wears a long scalloped collar in surplice effect. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material.

Patterns, 12c each. 32 page fashion magazine sent for 5c. or for 3c. if ordered with pattern.

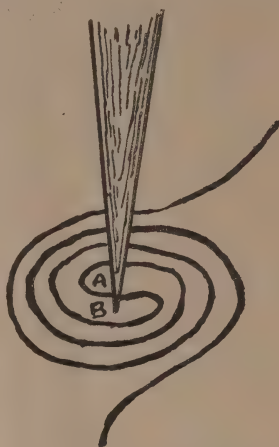
Send orders to Pattern Dept., LITTLE FOLKS, Salem, Mass.

New Games to Play

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

THIS is an interesting little trick to try upon your friends. First of all, get a long piece of thick twine or tape. Double this over equally and wind it up, beginning at the double end. Then place the coil on a flat board; it will become somewhat unloosed. The problem to put to your friend is this: If you push the point of a knife into the center of the coil, and then pull the loose ends, will the string come freely away or be caught by the knife at the double? Whichever your friend says you can arrange so that the opposite happens. Look at the little sketch and you will see how to manage it. If the knife is thrust in at the point marked A the string will come freely clear of it. On the other hand should the knife be put in at B it will be caught in the double of the string. You can vary the position of the knife from time to time and in this way confuse your friends who do not understand how the trick is done.

S. Leonard Bastin.



HOW THE TRICK IS DONE



Something Other Readers Have Written

THIS month's story and poem were to be about Sleeping Beauty, the picture on the cover of the May magazine. Miss Ruth B. Sharp, Beaverton, Alabama, wins the prize for the best story, and the prize for the best poem goes to Elizabeth Bruce, Bonne Terre, Missouri. Honorable mention is made of the stories by Mary Stewart and Margaret Denton, and the poem by Maurine Mathison.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

By Ruth B. Sharp

Once upon a time, in France, a youth, who was a prince, heard his grandfather tell this story.

"A long time ago, in England, a lovely princess was born. The queen invited all her fairy friends to dinner that they might give fairy gifts to the young princess. But when she found that she had only twelve plates of solid gold, she set the thirteenth place with a part-gold plate.

The princess a name, Beauty. The second gave riches, the third loveliness, the fourth wisdom, and so on to the thirteenth. The thirteenth fairy was angry because her plate had not been of solid gold, so she said that the first time in her sixteenth year that the Princess hurt her finger the whole of England should fall asleep, and sleep for one hundred years.

And so it happened, and no one has heard of England since."

"Grandfather," said the Prince, "I must visit this castle, where Beauty lies sleeping."

"Oh, no, no!" said the old King. "You cannot do that, for it is overgrown with roses and all the castle's flowers."

But the Prince begged so hard that finally his wish was granted.

When he reached the castle, he found it as the King had said, but by much labor he was finally able to enter. In the very first room he found Beauty and she looked so lovely that he kissed her. But at that moment the hundred years expired and the country awoke.

And before long the Prince and Beauty married and lived happily ever after, so far as I know.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

By Elizabeth Bruce

O, lovely maiden with golden hair,
You look so pretty lying there!
And the flowers 'round you spread,
Make a bower o'er your head.

The little page is worn and weary,
Held by the charm of the wicked fairy.
But the prince will come to waken you
With a kiss that is loving, fond and true.

HOW TO COLOR DOLLY DEARY

WITH paint, or crayon, color Dolly Deary's face, neck, arms, hands and legs a very light pink with a little deeper pink on her cheeks and mouth; color her hair light brown. Color the first garden smock light blue with pink, yellow and lavender embroidery, under-dress, light blue; sun-hat, light blue with white band, pink, yellow and lavender embroidery. Color the basket brown; poppies, red with green centers; daisies white with yellow centers; blue-bells, medium blue; roses, pink, all stems and leaves green. Make the hoe and rake very light grey with light-brown handles; watering-can, green. Color the second garden smock yellow; embroidery, light blue; flowers and leaves, green.

Paste page on heavy paper. When dry cut carefully on heavy lines. Cut right thumb free to hold garden tools. Cut left arm free to elbow, so dresses will slip under. Cut hat-openings on dotted lines. Cut left sleeves free at dotted lines.

Edna Hart Hubon.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 428)

Advanced Prices For Magazines

Owing to the constantly increasing price of labor and materials, many magazines which have hitherto maintained the lowest possible rates have been obliged to raise their subscription prices. The clubbing rates offered are the lowest obtainable. Renew now. No prices can be guaranteed for long.

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LITTLE FOLKS	
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Christian Herald.....	\$5.75
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Today's Housewife.....	3.60
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and	
THE NEW	
CHILDREN'S	
MAGAZINE	
with	
Boy's Life.....	\$3.25
Review of Reviews.....	4.75
Pictorial Review.....	5.00
Boy's Magazine.....	3.25
Youth's Companion.....	4.25
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People's Home Journal.....	2.90
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" Boy's Life.....	2.75 3.25
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" Youth's Companion.....	3.50 4.25

To find the price of any of the magazines above without LITTLE FOLKS subtract \$1.25 from the price in the first column; for example, to find the price of Review of Reviews: in the first column the price of Review of Reviews with LITTLE FOLKS is \$4.25, without LITTLE FOLKS (subtract \$1.25 from LITTLE FOLKS) the price is \$3.00. To be entitled to this price however, you must order at least two magazines.

TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

of your own selection merely repeat this; for example, Youth's Companion listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$3.50, Pictorial Review listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$4.25, and Boy's Life listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$2.75, Subtract \$1.25 from each and add together. This equals \$6.75, the price of these three magazines. If you want LITTLE FOLKS in the club add \$1.25. To include both LITTLE FOLKS and CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE add \$2.00.

Something to Look for Outdoors

MRS. SPIDER SPINS HER WEB

MRS. Garden Spider is a skilful spinner and architect and the house she builds is very wonderful. It is a thing of beauty as well. Have you ever seen a spider's web when each tiny thread was beaded with dew-drops sparkling like jewels in the sunlight? Nothing is more delicately beautiful.

Mrs. Spider's web is not only a home. It is a trap as well, for here she catches flies and insects of many kinds for her food. She must build very skilfully to make a net strong enough to entangle and hold her large victims. For the threads she weaves are very fine and each one is made up of hundreds of strands. Fabre, the French naturalist, tells us that it takes ten thousand of these strands to equal the size of one hair! And yet, in proportion to its weight, it is the strongest thing known, stronger even than steel!

Our great-grandmothers used to spin woolen and cotton threads to weave into cloth, using old-fashioned spinning-wheels and looms, but Mrs. Spider's spinning-machine is on her body. There are four spinnerets, each pierced at the end with hundreds of tiniest holes, something like the sprinkler of a watering-pot. When she wishes a silken thread, she forces a small amount of sticky liquid through these holes and twists the many strands into one firm thread which hardens and becomes waterproof as soon as it meets the air. Then her work goes rapidly on until the framework of her house is made, the spokes or rays evenly placed, and the spiral completed.

Some spiders finish their work by signing their names! They mark the web with a band zig-zagging from the center to the lower edge, and those who know all about the different spiders can tell by this just which kind of spinner wove her name into her silken net.

Questions.

How does a spider throw a web-bridge from one bank of a stream to the other?

How does she secure her prey when it is large and dangerous?

ANSWER TO THE JUNGLE MAZE PUZZLE

Enter at Circle A, lower left-hand corner. The animal is an elephant.

SOMETHING FOR PLAYROOM COOKS TO MAKE

MOTHER, may we make lemonade for tomorrow?" asked Ruth.

"To-morrow" was the Fourth of July, and the playroom cooks were making elaborate plans for a lawn picnic, with Mother's help.

"We'll see," smiled Mother, and the playroom cooks knew that was as good as "yes," so they were not surprised to be sent to the store in the afternoon and told to bring home a dozen

lemons and a box of berries and some bananas. They couldn't guess what Mother was planning to do with the strawberries or the bananas, but they knew quite well what was going to happen to those lemons.

"Mother," begged Janie, when they came home, "couldn't we make just a little, little lemonade for ourselves? It's so hot, and we're thirsty."

Mother couldn't say "no" to that

pleading, so they all went into the cool kitchen, and got out the lemon squeezer and the measuring cup, a pitcher and a teaspoon and a knife.

"First, Ruth may cut two lemons," directed Mother.

So Ruth cut the lemons in half, and gave them to Janie to squeeze the juice into the pitcher. Janie thought that was great fun, though the lemons did make her lips pucker, the way just thinking of sour things sometimes does.

"Now, Ruth may add ten tsp. of granulated sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved."

"What can I do?" asked Janie, who wanted to be doing something every minute.

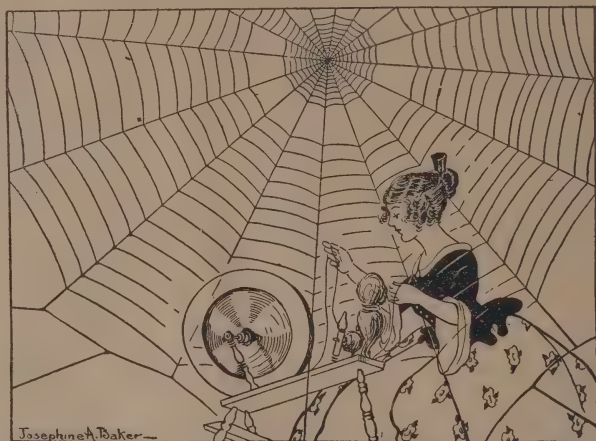
"You can bring four cupfuls of cold water, and mix the water and lemon and sugar well, when Ruth has finished. After that we will put the pitcher in the ice-box till it is nice and cold."

"How shall we know how much lemonade to make for tomorrow?" asked Ruth.

"That quantity you have just made, will make four glasses of lemonade," said Mother, "and if you will add the juice of 1-2 lemon, 2 tsp. of sugar and 1 cup of water for each extra person, you will have the right number of glasses to go around."

"What are you going to do with the other fruit we bought?" Janie asked.

"To-morrow," smiled Mother, "one of the playroom cooks may slice some of the bananas, and the other may crush some of the berries with a little sugar, and we will add those to our lemonade, to dress it up a bit. I'm sure we shall all enjoy our holiday lemonade."



TWO KINDS OF SPINNING

A FREE Copy

of

The Children's Magazine

For Sending Us 10 Names

of children who do not take Little Folks, together with their mothers' names, and addresses.

OR

for the same number of names and 15 cents, we will enter your name for a 4-month trial subscription to The Children's Magazine.

This offer is not good without the ten names.

Use these blanks

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Child's Name
Mother's Name
Street and No.
Town and State

Write additional names and addresses on a blank sheet of paper.

S. E. CASSINO CO., : : : SALEM, MASS.

THIS DANDY PAINT BOX

Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.



Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners. Sells easily at 10c. a card. Every woman uses them. *Write to-day.*

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\$1.⁹⁵

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These soft, light, cool shoes are just the thing for kiddies to wear at seashore and country. Shaped right for growing feet. No nails to hurt or tear stockings. Made of extra quality unlined tan Chrome leather. **Infants' \$1.95; Children's \$2.15; Misses' \$2.25; Grown Girls' \$2.65.** State exact size. You'll save at least a dollar by ordering to-day these natty, serviceable shoes. Send no money; pay postman on delivery. If not satisfied, we'll refund money promptly.

R. & L. SHOE CO.,

Dept B,

188 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.



MAKING YOUR OWN BOOK-PLATES

MAKING book-plates is fine rainy day fun, and if you have a little library of which you are very fond, you will be fonder still when on the first page of each book is a neat, attractive book-plate that you have made yourself.

Not only are book-plates pretty, but they are useful, both for ourselves and as gifts to our friends. A book always seems so much more our very own when it has a book-plate in it which bears our name.

First of all, get out your scissors and paste, ruler, pencil and all the magazines and catalogs you can find.

Next, look through the magazines and catalogs for border designs and small pictures of landscapes, children—anything you like. None of the pictures can be very large and it is better not to have them colored. You will find good pictures sometimes at the very end of stories. Books, lamps, pens, scrolls, arches, wreaths and the like are good to cut out. Clip these things out as you go, and cut them out carefully afterwards.

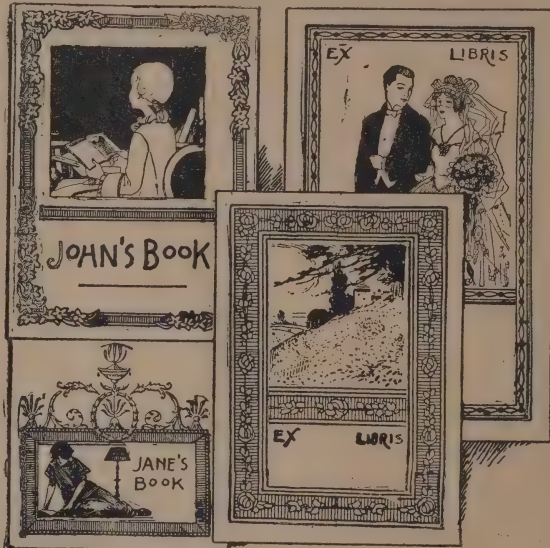
When you have enough clippings to allow you to make a selection, plan, with your pencil and ruler, a space as large as you want your finished book-plate to be. Two and a quarter inches wide by three inches long is as large as you would want it to be, and it may be anything less. The size may depend upon the picture you choose to paste into it for decoration. You will probably want to try combinations of pictures and borders before you get one that just suits you. Do not try to paste anything in until you have a book-plate you like.

One pretty book-plate has a border all around the outer edge, and a picture of a little boy reading a book pasted inside the border. A piece of the border is pasted under the picture, and between the border under the picture and the border at the bottom of the plate is printed "JOHN'S BOOK."

Another has a pretty landscape arranged in the same way, and under the border beneath the picture are the words, one in one corner and one in the other, EX LIBRIS and the rest of the space is left blank for the name of the owner to be written in. Always re-

member to leave that space. *Ex Libris* means *From the books of*—and is Latin. You may write such things as "John Smith: His Book," or "Mary Jones' Book" if you prefer. Grown-ups use the Latin words more than we do.

With practice in arranging borders in corners, and pasting tiny pictures into wreaths and upon arches, you will find all sorts of delightful combinations suggesting themselves to you, and you will have a great deal of fun, when there is nothing else to do, making book-plates for Christmas gifts, months away. Making book-plates, you will agree, is as good fun as cutting out paper dolls. Try it and see if it isn't!



SOME PRETTY BOOK-PLATES

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE MADE

What I Do With Little Folks

By Lucile Clague, Bowling Green, Ohio

I MAKE a book out of the covers of Little Folks, cutting around the outside edges nice and even. Paste the picture on one page of a blank book, and on the opposite page write a story about it that you have made up yourself. I don't paste the picture in until my next month's Little Folks has come, be-

cause I don't want to cut up the cover of one until I get another. But you can write the story in before you paste in the picture. It is lots of fun.

A Peep-Show

By Ruby and Evelyn Cate, Coleman, Texas

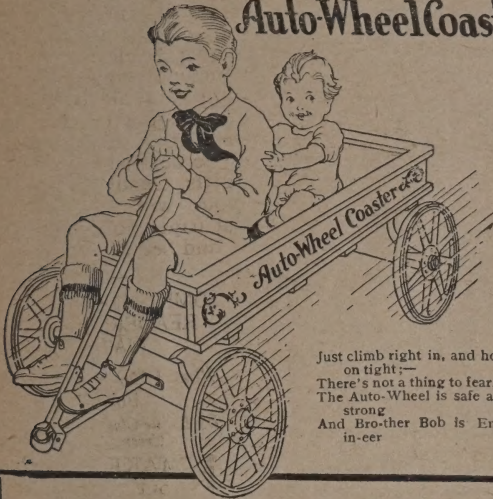
We will tell you how to make a peep-show. It is very easy to make. First get a box the size you want to use, and cut off the top. Then cut out pictures of boys and girls playing ball, marbles, dolls and other games. Place them in the box so that you can see them all from the front through a small hole. The cut-out pictures in such magazine as the Delineator make very good shows. Over the top, after finishing, paste a thin sheet of paper so the light can come through.

CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Alice D. Popps, 1115 Huntoon St., Topeka, Kansas, twelve years old, would like to hear from a little girl of ten, eleven, or twelve, in Seattle, Washington.

Georgia Schnelle, twelve years old, Limon, Ohio, would like to correspond with a girl about her age in some other state, especially in Florida or Texas.

Baby is Safe in the Auto-Wheel Coaster



Just climb right in, and hold
on tight;—
There's not a thing to fear,
The Auto-Wheel is safe and
strong
And Bro-ther Bob is Eng-
in-eer

Oh, what fun the little folks can have, coast-ing, play-ing horse, and
carry-ing things in the

Auto-Wheel Coaster

It rides so smooth—just like an au-to-mo-bile; and it is easy to steer, too.
It will last for years, for it is well made.

Ask Dad or Big Bro-ther to write for the Auto-Wheel book-let and
for our FREE six months' subscription to the "Auto-Wheel Spokes-
man." Just send us names of 3 coaster wag-on dealers in your town,
and tell which ones sell the Auto-Wheel wag-ons.

THE BUFFALO SLED CO.,

187 Schenck St. N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
In Canada: Preston, Ont.

CROUP OR WHOOPIING COUGH

PROMPTLY AND SAFELY RELIEVED BY
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION

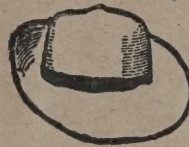
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W. EDWARDS & SON
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ALL DRUGGISTS OR
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PANAMA HAT FREE



Made in Porto Rico, Hand-woven. Soft,
durable, comfortable. Good as a South
American Panama, but cooler, lighter, more
stylish. For boys, girls and grown-ups.
No import duty. Order 30 Packages seeds
of the wonderful Sensitive Plant. The
Marvel of Porto Rico. Almost human in
its nervous susception. Leaves curl and
fronds droop when touched. Easy to sell
at 10c. each. Send no money.

THE PORTO RICO NEWS CO.,
San German, - - - Porto Rico

Little Folks Free For a Year

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE will be sent free for a
year to anyone who sends two new yearly subscriptions at
\$1.50 each. Renew your subscription free by securing two
new subscriptions.

LITTLE FOLKS, - - - - - SALEM, MASS.

Real Mattress Cleanliness

BED ticking is a sieve-like fabric which allows foreign matter to filter through
and to become a fixture in the mattress. Re-covering such bedding is an
uncleanly makeshift which merely does away with part of the trouble.

What is needed is an antiseptic washable

QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

which really solves the vexing problem

It fully protects the mattress and adds to its life.

Excelsior Quilted Mattress Protectors are made of two
pieces of heavy bleached white muslin, both sides quilted
with dainty snow-white wadding of the best grade be-
tween. Soft, springy, sanitary.

Wash easily without losing their light, fluffy texture.

Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes



EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

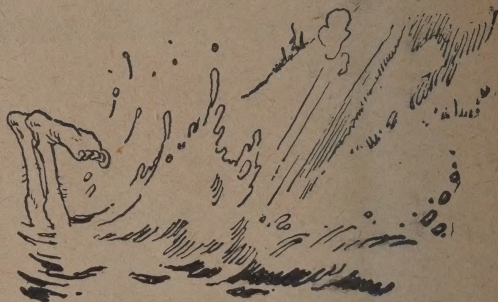


Chapter VI. The Genie Reformed.

Yes, well they knew that IVORY SOAP was certainly a key to overcome the giant if they used some strategy.



They knew the road that he must take led down a hill so steep that he would have to mind his steps and check his pace to keep from plunging headlong in a pond just where the roadway ended. This was the great strategic point that must be well defended. And so our heroes soused the road far up the rugged hill with IVORY



SOAP suds two feet thick; they poured on more until the path was white as driven snow.

"We think," said Pete and Bill, "the force of gravity and soap will give that brute a spill." "Quite true," said Gnif, "but Billy Goat, run up the hill and lure the giant straight into the suds to make his spilling sure." So Billy ran around the suds far up the hill and met the Genie giant striding down. One butt from Bill upset that Genie's dignity at once and he was much insulted, and so a hasty chase down hill for Billy Goat resulted. Like lightning sped that goat till he came to the suds, then swerved. But Genie *didn't*. Down he went, embarrassed and unnerved. It took not half a cricket's wink to get his sudsy spill into the pond reposing at the bottom of the hill. Then our brave IVORY heroes ducked and scrubbed him so completely that he became repentant and apologized most sweetly.

"Ah, me," said he, "I've often wished but never dared to hope to be reformed by any means as pure as IVORY SOAP. Pray give me forty pounds of it and I'll be off this minute to Genieland where I will scrub each naughty genie in it."



So little friends 'twas ever so,
Great good is sure to be
The happy aftermath of woe
When using IVORY.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ PURE



It looks like a revolver

**THERE
IS
ONLY
ONE**

REPEATER

**in the world that breaks to
load like a revolver**



That Repeater is the Premier Fifty Shot Safety. It is altogether different from the old-fashioned cap pistol, and very much superior to it. The fact that it breaks to load allows you to place a roll of fifty caps in it at one time. It looks like a real revolver, too. There is no make-believe about the action of this pistol.

IT SHOOTS EVERY TIME YOU PULL THE TRIGGER

No matter how many times or how fast you pull the trigger, the Premier will shoot until every cap in the roll has exploded. There's no stopping to reload after every shot, either. Its construction is simple, and assures positive action.

No Accidents Come of Play With the Premier

Although the caps are large and noisy, they are safe, and, indeed, the whole pistol is built in such a way that it is an absolutely harmless noisemaker for both boys and girls. Boys all vote for the Premier, once they have used it, and girls who play with it lose their timidity of firearms.

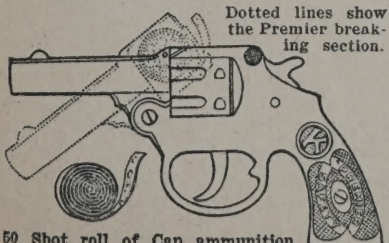
Every Pretend Soldier, Hunter, Cowboy, Etc.

should carry a Premier. They are just great for skirmishes, sham battles, wild west stunts and the like.

There Should Be No Delay This Year

in getting your Premier. Last year our supply was limited and we had some difficulty in filling orders promptly. This year we are well stocked up, and there is no reason why, if you send for your Premier at once, that it cannot be sent you within a few days after we receive your order.

A Premier Will Be Given



50 Shot roll of Cap ammunition
used in the Premier Repeater.

**for one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS
(not your own), or for ten new four months' trial
subscriptions at 25c. each.**

OR

**a PREMIER, with ten rolls of caps will be sold for
65c. to those readers whose subscriptions to LITTLE
FOLKS are paid in advance. (See date on your
magazine or wrapper.)**

Extra boxes of caps cost 5c. Each box contains five rolls of caps.

Send all orders to

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

SALEM, MASS.



Harriet A. Painter
R D 1
Wooster Ohio
38088 11-19-21

PTY sat on a wall;
pty had a great fall.
horses
king's men
put Humpty Dumpty together
again.



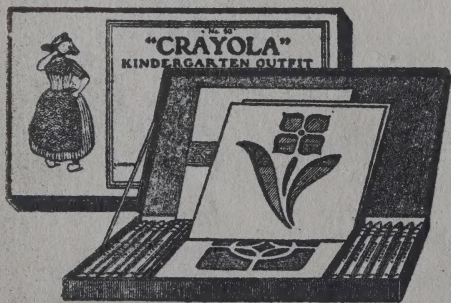
CRAYOLA

Drawing Crayon for Little Folks

"CRAYOLA!" That's the name to use when buying drawing crayons for your little folks. CRAYOLA is made in twenty-four permanent, brilliant colors that will not smear or run.

These colors can be worked, one over the other, so that any effect can be produced. They completely eliminate the untidiness which is likely to accompany the use of watercolors by children.

Your Stationer Sells CRAYOLA!



No. 50 "CRAYOLA" KINDERGARTEN SET, shown above, is a pleasing gift for little folks and also admirably adapted for use by grown-ups in stenciling on fabrics. This outfit contains twelve assorted colors—paper-wrapped crayons six inches long, one outline drawing book and three art stencils, all in a serviceable box, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", with hinged cover.

No. 8 CRAYOLA, shown above, to the left, contains eight colors—paper-wrapped crayons, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, and is a very popular assortment for children who are just beginning to develop interest in drawing in colors.

No. 24 "RUBENS" CRAYOLA, shown above, to the right, contains twenty-four assorted colors in the patent shoulder box. Made by an improved French process. These crayons are especially adapted to stenciling.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
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